

JUNE 1948  
VOL. 8 NO. 3

# Shadow Comics

10¢

**THE SPIDER BOY**  
**The Shadow's Weirdest Story**



52 PAGES  
BEST BUY IN COMICS

Pat U.S. Pat. Off.

A STORY OF HORROR IN WHICH....

# THE SHADOW

IN REALITY, LAMONT CRANSTON, AND HIS FRIEND, MARGOT LANE, FIND THEMSELVES CAUGHT IN A WEB OF HORROR SPUN BY THE...



ADAPTED FROM A SHADOW RADIO STORY

ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED SOMEONE... SOMEONE I COULD CALL A FRIEND... JUST SOMEONE, ANYONE, WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND ME AND THE HELL OF LONELINESS IN WHICH I EXISTED IN MY BARREN ATTIC....



...AND THEN IT HAPPENED, I WAS SITTING THERE, HEAVING AND SUDDENLY I FELT SOMEONE... SOMETHING... WATCHING ME... I LOOKED UP INTO TWO BEADY BLACK EYES STaring AT MY FINGERS AS THEY FLEW ACROSS THE LOOM... AND I WAS NO LONGER ALONE... I FOUND A FRIEND... MY ONE FRIEND.... A SPIDER!



Vol. 8; No. 3; June, 1948. SHADOW COMICS is published monthly by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Allen L. Grammer, President; Gerald H. Smith, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Henry W. Rolston, Vice President and Secretary. Copyright, 1948, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Reentered as Second-class Matter, August 11, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Single copy 10 cents. \$1.00 for 12-issue subscription in the U. S. A.; in Pan American Union, \$1.25 for 12 issues; elsewhere, \$1.50 for 12 issues. All correspondence in reference to subscription and all money for subscriptions should be addressed to STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., PO Box 494, Elizabeth, N. J. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any material submitted must include return postage. The editorial contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and cannot be reprinted without the publishers' permission. All fictional characters mentioned in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity in name or character to any real person is coincidental.

Printed in the U. S. A.

...AND THEN ONE DAY I CAME IN  
AND SAW A LITTLE KITTEN  
CAUGHT IN MY FRIENDS WEB...

IT'S PITIFUL HOWLS MADE  
ME TEAR IT FREE FROM THE  
STICKY, CLOYING MESH....

AND AS I SNUGGLED THE BALL  
OF FUR TO MY BREAST I  
REALIZED THE STRENGTH OF  
THOSE SLIM SILVER THREADS  
AND I THOUGHT "WHY CAN'T  
I SPIN A WEB ON MY LOOM  
AND CATCH A HUMAN  
FRIEND FOR MYSELF?"



REALLY, LAMONT! SOME OF  
YOUR FRIENDS LIVE IN THE  
ODDEST NEIGHBORHOODS!

THAT, MARGOT, IS BECAUSE MY  
FRIENDS ARE SOME OF THE  
ODDEST PEOPLE...NOW TAKE  
YOU...WHY...WHAT?...  
LOOK!...THAT  
GIRL!



SHE'S CRYING.... SHE'S HYSTERICAL!  
SOBING!... HERE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?  
TELL ME!!...

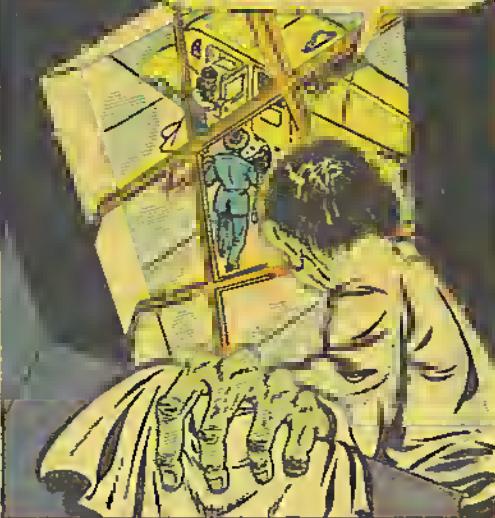
SHE'S SO FRIGHTENED, SHE CAN'T SPEAK!  
LAMONT!... THE GIRL'S BEEN BEATEN  
OR TIED UP... LOOK AT  
THE WELTS ON HER  
ARMS AND LEGS! WE'D  
BETTER GET HER  
TO A HOSPITAL IN A  
HURRY! COME ON!



**TUNE IN**

EACH WEEK TO THE  
OF THE  
**SHADOW**

THERE THEY GO...I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN TINA SO...I THOUGHT SHE'D BE DIFFERENT....THAT SHE'D BE MY FRIEND...THAT'S WHY I ASKED HER TO COME UP TO MY ROOM TO SEE MY BEAUTIFUL CLOTH....



I WANTED HER TO HAVE THE CLOTH....BUT SHE SAID....



NO, ERIC...I CAN'T... MY FATHER WOULD KNOW I WAS HERE AND HE'D BEAT ME AGAIN!

BEAT YOU, TINA? BUT WHY?!

HE'S FORBIDDEN ME TO SEE YOU, ERIC...I MUST GO...MY FATHER...I MUST GO!



PLEASE DON'T GO! STAY WITH ME... PLEASE! I'VE NEVER HAD A FRIEND BEFORE... PLEASE!

NO...I CAN'T... I HAVE TO WORK FOR MY FATHER OR HE'LL BEAT ME...I... UH... ERIC.... THAT SPIDER!



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, TINA...IT'S ONLY MY BIG SPIDER, BEFORE, ERIC!...SHE'S COMING AFTER ME! ERIC!!! SHE WANTS TO HURT ME!! ERIC!!!



# THRILLING

# ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS  
FOR TIME AND STATION

SHE DOES LOOK ANGRY!  
WHY...WHY SHE'S JEALOUS  
OF YOU, TINA!!

STOP! STOP!!  
THE THREADS  
ARE...CHOKING...  
ME....HELP!!

TINA...I...DON'T LOOK AT ME  
LIKE THAT...WITH SUCH  
HATE IN YOUR EYES!  
I'LL FREE YOU, TINA....  
I'LL FREE YOU!



TINA, I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO HURT....TINA!!  
TINA...DON'T RUN  
AWAY!! TINA!

NO!!! SOB! SOB!!  
NO!!! NO!!!

....BUT SHE FLED FROM  
ME IN TERROR.....  
BOBBING...DOWN INTO  
THE STREET...AND I  
WAS ALONE  
AGAIN.....



MEANWHILE... { I HOPE WE CAN PULL HER  
THROUGH... SHE'S HAD A TERRIBLE SHOCK,  
SHE MAY NEVER  
SPEAK AGAIN!

HMM...HAVE YOU ANY  
IDEA WHO SHE MIGHT  
BE, DOCTOR?

HERE...WE FOUND THIS FACTORY PASS IN  
HER POCKET...HER  
NAME'S TINA DONOVAN.... I'D LIKE TO DO IT,  
HER FAMILY SHOULD — IF I MAY, DOCTOR...  
BE NOTIFIED... I'D LIKE TO SEE JUST  
WHAT COULD NEARLY  
FRIGHTEN A PERSON TO  
DEATH!



AN HOUR LATER...

YOU'RE TINA  
DONOVAN'S  
FATHER?

YEAH...WHAT ABOUT  
IT?!

YOUR DAUGHTER'S VERY  
ILL AND IN THE HOSPITAL...  
WE THOUGHT YOU'D WANT  
TO SEE HER!

WHERE DO YOU  
TWO GIT OFF  
STICKIN' YER  
NOSES IN MY  
BUSINESS?



LISTEN...SHE'S EITHER WHADAYA  
BEEN BEATEN UNMERCIFULLY WANT ME  
OR TIED UP...FRIGHTENED TO DO ABOUT  
NEARLY TO DEATH!

ABLY DESERVED  
IT! NOW GET OUT! MY  
SUPPER'S WAITIN'!!  
GIT!!



OH!...THAT HIDEOUS HE PROBABLY BEATS  
BEAST!

IT WAS BUCK DONOVAN WHO  
FRIGHTENED TINA THIS TIME....  
IT WAS SOMETHING IN THIS NEIGH-  
BORHOOD....AND I'M GOING TO FIND  
OUT WHAT IT WAS! I HAVE TO

SEARCH EVERY HOUSE  
HERE!



BUT LAMONT, IT'S A ONLY WHAT DOCTOR  
HOPELESS TASK!...WE GORDEN SAID,  
DON'T EVEN KNOW MARGOT! "WHATEVER  
WHAT WE'RE FRIGHTENED TINA IS  
LOOKING FOR!" BEYOND HUMAN BELIEF!"



TWO DAYS LATER...

WHY DOESN'T SHE COME?....

I'VE WATCHED HER LOOKING INTO ALL THE HOUSES....AS IF SHE TOO WERE LOOKING FOR A FRIEND....UH!.. SHE'S COMING BUT THAT MAN'S WITH HER!...I MUSTN'T LET HIM SEE ME!

BE CAREFUL OF THOSE STAIRS, MARGOT!



I'VE CLIMBED ENOUGH STAIRS IN THE PAST TWO DAYS TO KNOW MY WAY AROUND, MR CRANSTON!.....

SORRY!



WHY DIDN'T SHE COME ALONE?.. THEN I COULD'VE TALKED TO HER...AND WE COULD'VE BEEN FRIENDS!!

THERE'S NO ONE HERE, LAMONT...

CANT TELL.... IT'S A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE....



THIS WOULD BE AN IDEAL PLACE FOR SOMEONE TO DRAG TINA.... FRIGHTEN - TINA!! HE'S AFTER AND BEAT HER!! - ME.... I'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP!!!



I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK BEHIND THESE PACKING CASES.....

HE'S MY ENEMY! HE'S COME TO GET ME.... HE WON'T! HE WON'T....



YELL JUST....OUCH!!!  
OW!! I JABBED MY  
FINGER!!!!

TSK!..TSK!!..YOU  
POOR LITTLE BOY..  
OH, COME ON, I'M  
TIRED...



AW....ALLRIGHT....I  
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT....  
MMFF!!..WE CAN TAKE  
UP WHERE WE  
LEFT OFF TOMO-

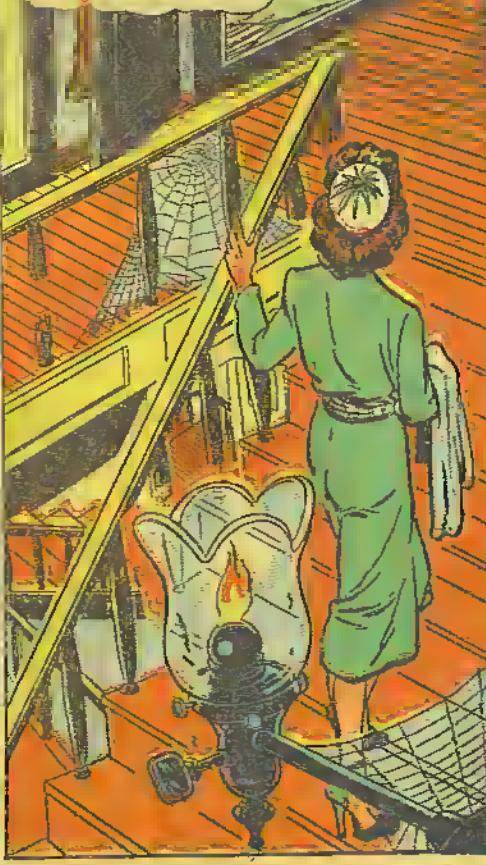
SHE'S SAVED ME!! SHE'S  
MY FRIEND! TOMORROW!  
TOMORROW!!..MAYBE  
IF I WAS CAREFUL  
I'D GET A CHANCE TO  
TALK TO HER TO-  
MORROW!



IT WAS DUSK THE NEXT EVENING WHEN I SAW  
HER ALONE ON THE STREET BELOW....I DROPPED  
A LOVELY SHAWL I'D BEEN WEAVING AND THEN  
JUMPED BACK...AND LISTENED...ANOTHER MY  
HEART BEAT WILDLY WHEN I HEARD HER FOOT  
STEPS ON MY STAIRS.....



MY FRIEND....WE WOULD LAUGH AND  
WE'D TALK....I WOULDN'T BE LONELY  
AGAIN...SHE WAS NEAR THE TOP  
LANDING NOW....I RAN TO THE DOOR  
AND OPENED IT A CRACK AND  
LOOKED OUT....



I THOUGHT WE AGREED TO STICK TOGETHER WHILE WE WERE SEARCHING...

BUT I WASN'T SEARCHING...I WAS RETURNING THIS SHAWL SOMEONE DROPPED OUT THE WINDOW...



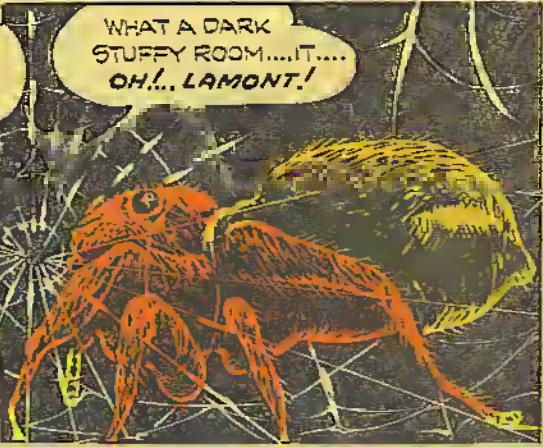
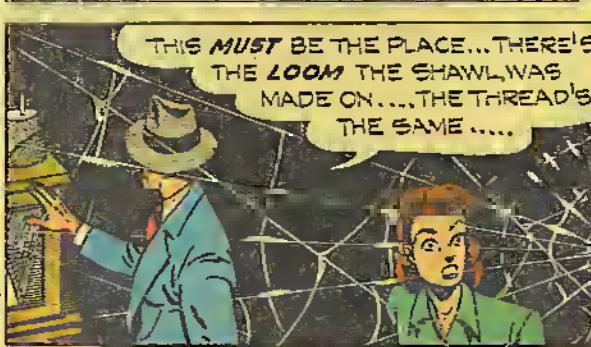
WELL ....HERE'S AN OPEN DOOR...MAYBE...WHW!! THE PLACE IS FULL OF SPIDER WEBs!

NO ONE SEEKS TO BE HOME.... MMPPF! THESE GOOEY THINGS!



THIS MUST BE THE PLACE...THERE'S THE LOOM THE SHAWL WAS MADE ON....THE THREAD'S THE SAME .....

WHAT A DARK STUFFY ROOM....IT.... OH... LAMONT!



LAMONT!!! LOOK!!! THAT SPIDER!!

GOOD LORD!!! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT!!!...AND IT'S COMING AT US!!! STAND BACK!!



UGH!!...HOW HORRIBLE!  
IS...IS IT  
DEAD? YES...I NEVER  
DREAMED I'D HAVE  
TO USE MY GUN TO  
KILL...A SPIDER!!!  
C'MON! LET'S  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!

THEY KILLED MY ONLY  
FRIEND... MY BEAUTIFUL  
LIL... WHA...?!... WHEN I  
TOUCHED HER... LIKE A  
MIRACLE... I LEARNED  
THE WAY TO SPIN  
WEBS!!...

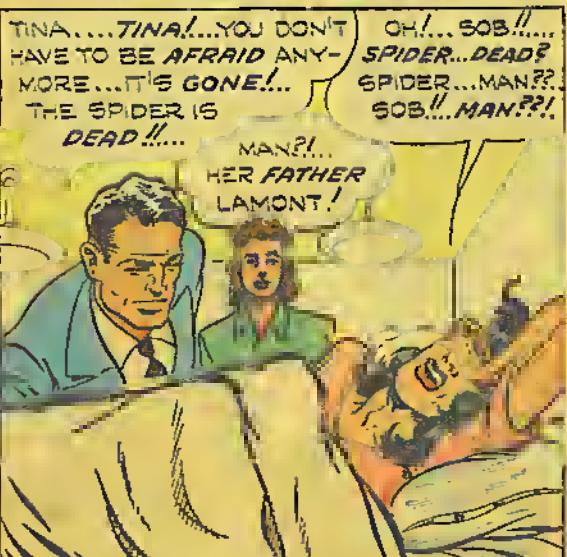
I HAD LEARNED THE SPIDER'S  
SECRET!.. THE SECRET OF SPIN-  
NING THREADS AS STRONG AS  
STEEL TO CATCH MY VICTIMS...  
LIKE THAT GIRL, MARGOT... AND  
KILLING HER TO AVENGE MY  
SPIDER'S DEATH!



MEANWHILE

WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO  
SAY TO HER, LAMONT??

I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE HER THAT SHE'S  
SAFE.... IT MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH TO HER!....  
HERE'S HER ROOM.....



YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, BUCK DONOVAN!...I AM EVERYWHERE! WHO SPEAK! WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE SPIDER?! S. SPIDER?.. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT A SPIDER!... I SWEAR IT!!



WHY HAVEN'T YOU VISITED YOUR DAUGHTER AT THE HOSPITAL?!

I... I WAS AFRAID THEY'D THINK I BEAT HER'N! I DIDN'T... I ONLY DID IT WHEN I SEEN HER WITH THAT NO'COUNT BOY!



WHY BOY?... YOU MEAN THE SPIDER BOY!! HA!..THAT'S A GOOD ONE! SPIDERBOY! HE WEAVE THREADS LIKE A SPIDER! HA!HA!! BOY!!

THEN THERE IS A CONNECTION THERE!... A REAL SPIDER AND THE BOY!..GO VISIT YOUR DAUGHTER, BUCK DONOVAN, WHILE THE SHADOW DISCOVERS WHAT REALLY FRIGHTENED TINA!

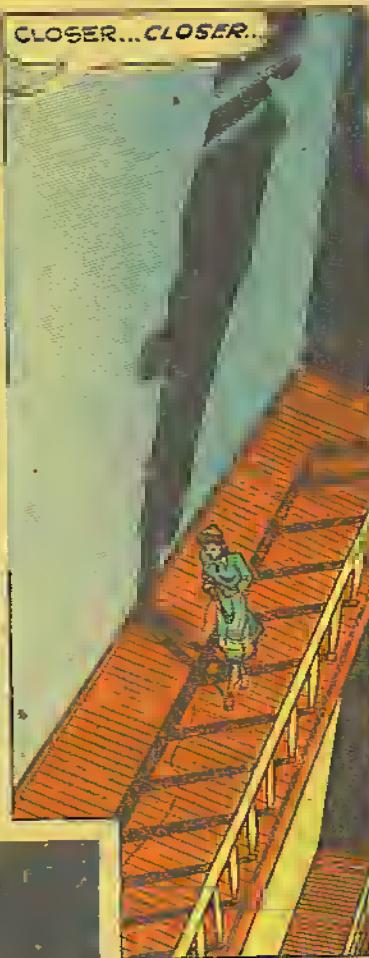
HUH?...YEH...OKAY... I WILL...A REAL SPIDER AND THE BOY...HUH!..I THINK YOU'RE NUTS!



THAT'S IT!!!...THAT'S IT!!  
COME!..  
COME!!

CLOSER...CLOSER...

THAT'S IT!!...FOLLOW THE WEB  
LIKE THREAD I'VE  
SPUN FOR  
YOU.....



YOU'VE KILLED MY SPIDER.... NO...NO....  
MY ONLY FRIEND...AND HELP!!!  
NOW YOU SHALL PAY!



YOUR SCREAMS WON'T  
HELP!! I'LL BIND YOU IN  
THE WEB I'VE SPUN...

UH!...YOU'RE  
MAD!! MAD...!!

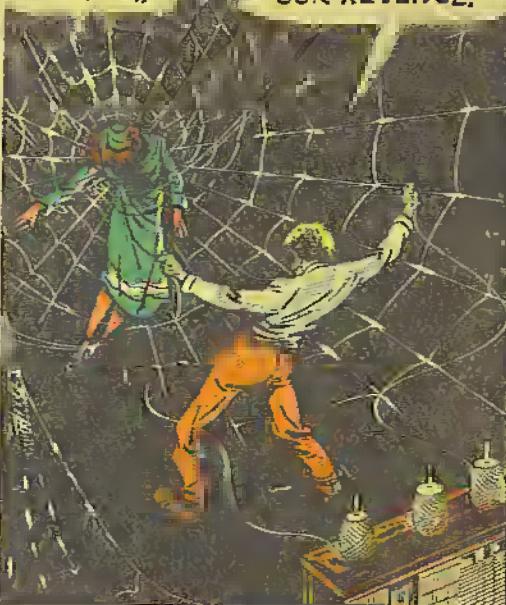


YOU'RE CHOKING ME!!! I...I...  
CAN'T BREATHE!!

HEE! HEE!  
HEE!



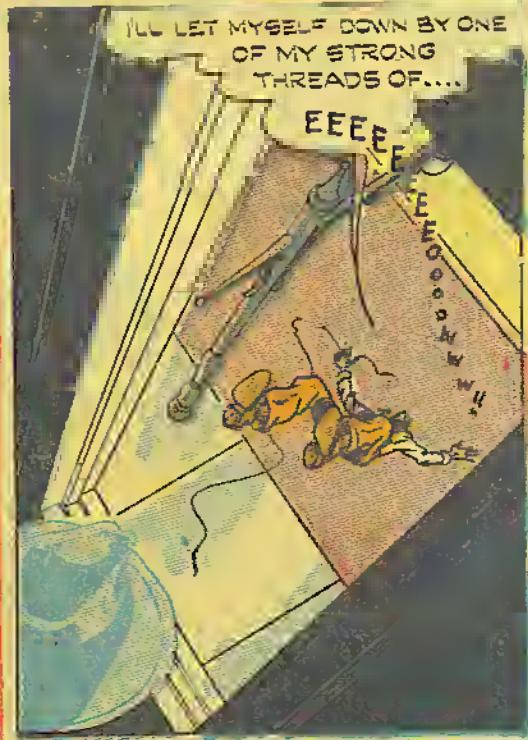
YOU SHALL DIE... DIE!!.. DIE!!!  
AHHRGG!! WE SHALL HAVE  
OUR REVENGE!



UH?? WHA...?!...  
MY LOOM...! SOMEONE  
UPSET MY LOOM!!  
MY WEB HAS  
FALLEN!

YES, SPIDER  
BOY... FOR THE  
SHADOW'S MAGIC  
IS GREATER THAN  
YOURS!



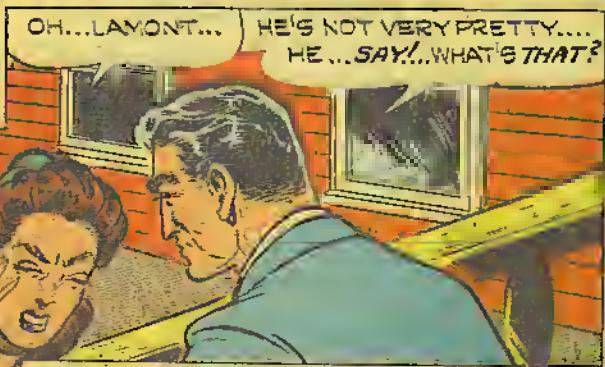


UGH!!! HOW AWFUL!!!  
HE FELL....UGH!!!

THE FOOL!!!  
THERE HE IS!!!  
COME ON!

WE'D BETTER  
CALL AN  
AMBULANCE!

I DOUBT IF IT'D BE  
ANY USE,MARGOT,  
LET'S SEE!...



WHAT...??... HIS MOUTH!.. LOOK WHAT HE'S  
HOLDING BETWEEN HIS TEETH!.. HE REALLY  
BELIEVED HE HAD LEARNED THE  
SPIDER'S SECRET!



YES... HE THOUGHT HE COULD LET HIMSELF DOWN FROM THE WINDOW BY NOTHING BUT A FLIMSY STRAND OF HIS OWN WEAVING THREAD!



# DOC Savage

## The Crystal Monsters

by  
Pef's

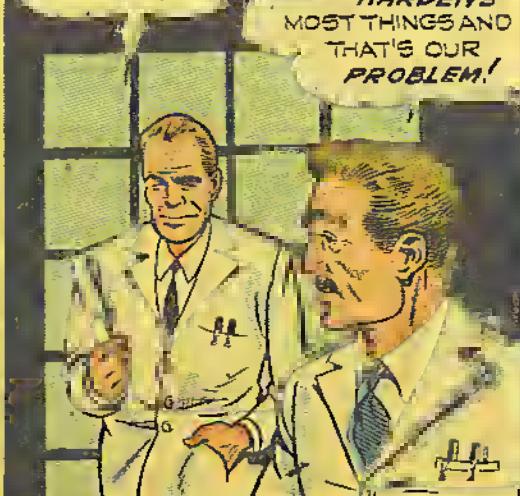
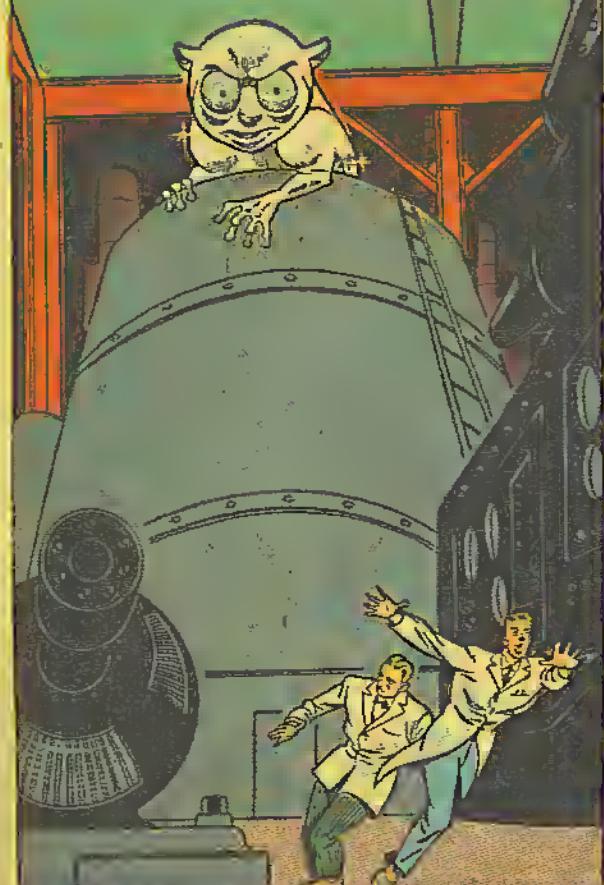


ALL THE LIFE ON OUR PLANET, FISH, ANIMALS, VEGETABLES AND MAN, IS ALL MADE UP OF CARBON MOLECULES ..... THAT'S WHY WE NEED THE THINGS WE DO, THE REASON WE EAT THE THINGS WE DO ..... BUT SUPPOSE LIFE WERE TO COME FROM SILICON ATOMS ??.. THAT WAS WHAT THE MAN OF BRONZE FACED IN THE CRYSTAL MENACE .....

THE LABORATORY OF ACME PLASTICS INC .....

WONDER WHAT'D HAPPEN IF WE ADDED A GRAM OR SO OF SILICON TO THE LATEST VAT OF THAT THERMO SETTING PLASTIC?

TRY IT,  
SILICON  
HARDENS  
MOST THINGS AND  
THAT'S OUR  
PROBLEM!



IT BEGAN AS SIMPLY AS THAT...TWO MEN OF SCIENCE AT WORK....

THIS IS FINE PLASTIC BUT IT STAYS TOO SOFT....IF WE COULD HARDEN IT!

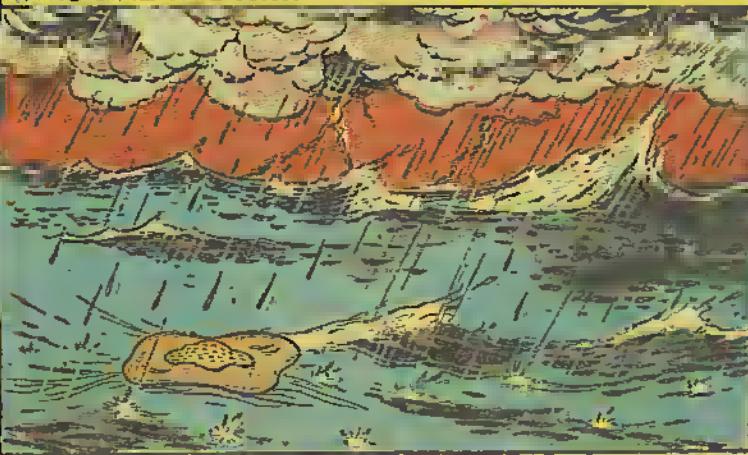


THERE WAS ONE OTHER FACTOR...LATE THAT NIGHT.....

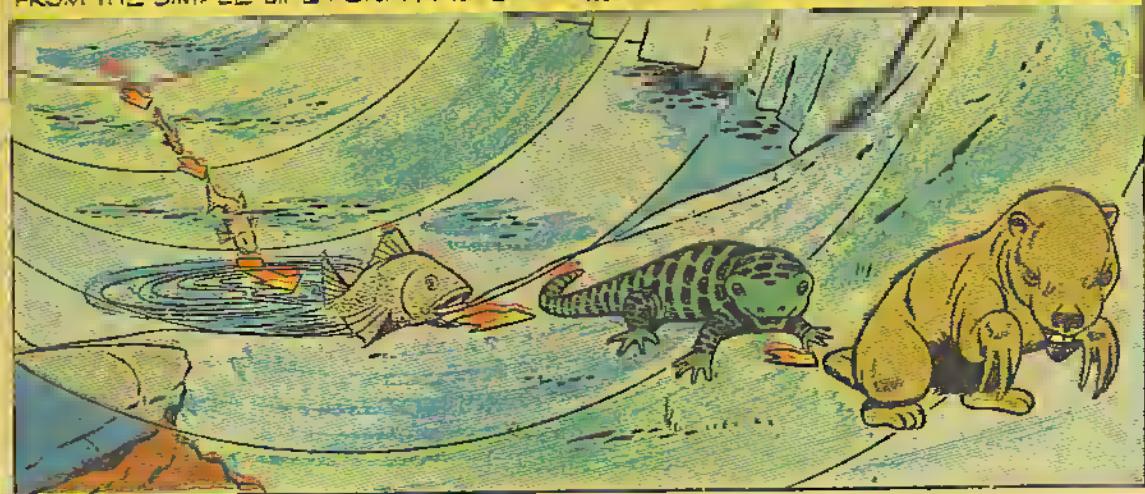


JUST AN ACCIDENT....SOME RUNNING RATS....SOME BOTTLES TURNED OVER....AND THEN THE SLOW ADDITION OF SOME CHEMICALS TO THE SILICON AND TO THE PLASTIC....IT COULD HAPPEN ANYWHERE....ANYTIME.. ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN....FOR EXAMPLE, THAT WAS THE WAY VULCANIZING RUBBER WAS DISCOVERED .....

SCIENCE THINKS WE STARTED BY ACCIDENT...SOMETHING LIKE THIS .....



AN ACCIDENT MADE THE AMOEBA...MADE IT OUT OF CARBON ATOMS..IT ASCENDED FROM THE SIMPLE LIFE FORM AND SOON.....



ANOTHER ACCIDENT SOMEPLACE ALONG THE LINE RESULTED IN A MUTATION.....



IT'S A SHORT STEP FROM THE CRO-MAGNON MAN, TO MAN AS WE KNOW HIM.....

WHAT'S NEW TODAY, DOC?

NOTHING!... IF YOU WANT WE CAN GO OUT TO THAT PLASTICS FACTORY AND LOOK AROUND!!

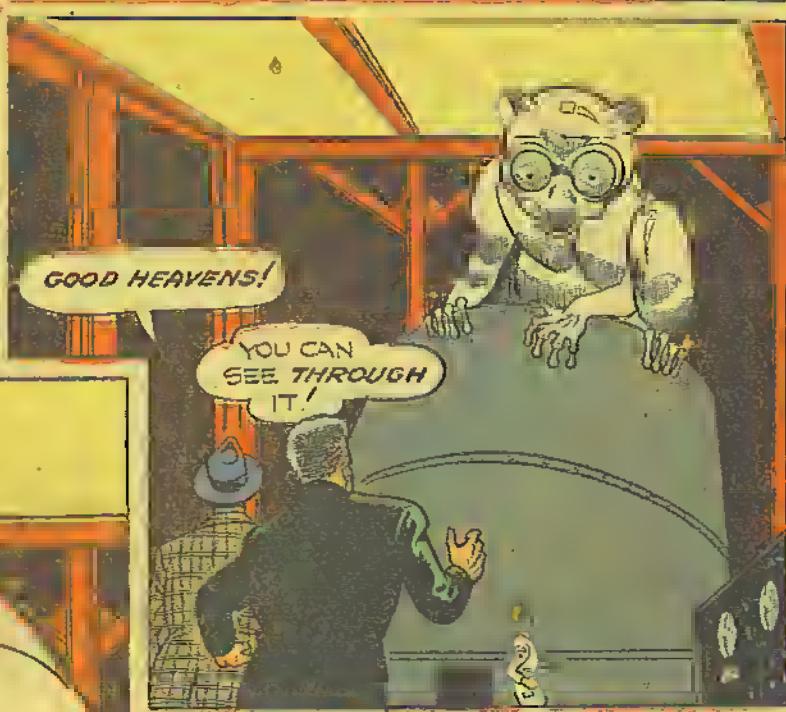
HOW COME A

FACTORY?

THEY'RE FOOLING WITH A  
NEW PLASTIC WITH SOME  
STRANGE PROPERTIES!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK!





IT SOUNDS LIKE GLASS WHEN IT BREAKS!

BUT IT DOESN'T BREAK! LOOK! IT REFORMS!



IT'S LIKE JASON'S TEETH! CUT OFF PART AND IT BECOMES ANOTHER WHOLE!

CLICK... CLICK... CLICK...

WHAT'S THAT SOUND? THAT CLICK?



GOD GRIEF! THAT'S THE GEIGER COUNTER! AND THE GEIGER COUNTER IS RESPONDING! THAT MEANS THE THING IS RADIO-ACTIVE!! LIKE RADIUM OR RADIO-ACTIVE ISOTOPES!



I AFRAID SO! IT DOESN'T NEED FOOD OF OUR KIND TO GROW! IT MUST BE GETTING SOME RADIO-ACTIVITY....IT'S STILL GROWING.. IT.....WHAT IS IT MAN?!

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?



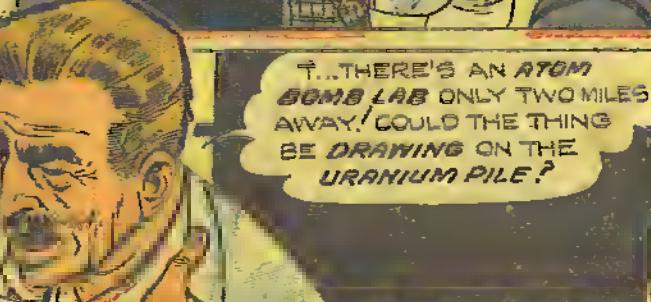
IT'S NOT A CARBON LIFE FORM LIKE WE ARE...IT'S GLASS-LIKE! IS THERE ANY SILICON AROUND?

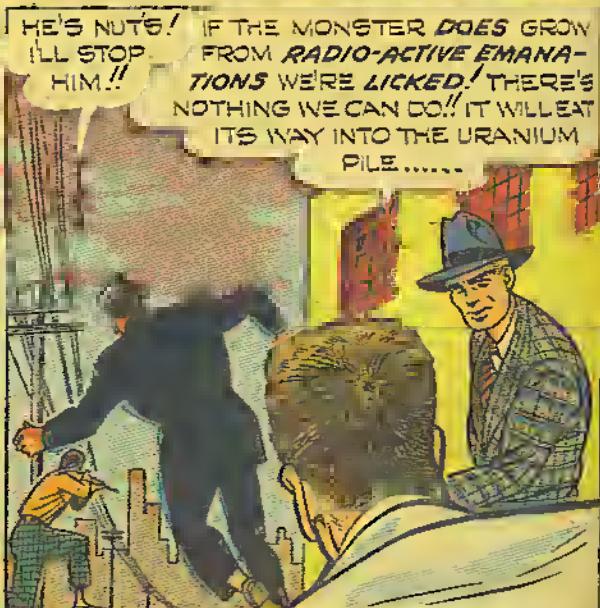
OH...WE ADDED SOME SILICON YESTERDAY... DO YOU THINK THAT IS SILICON LIFE?

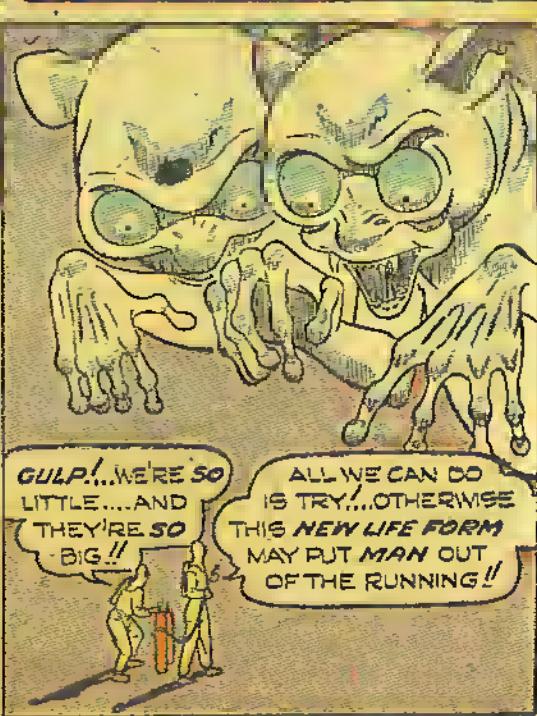
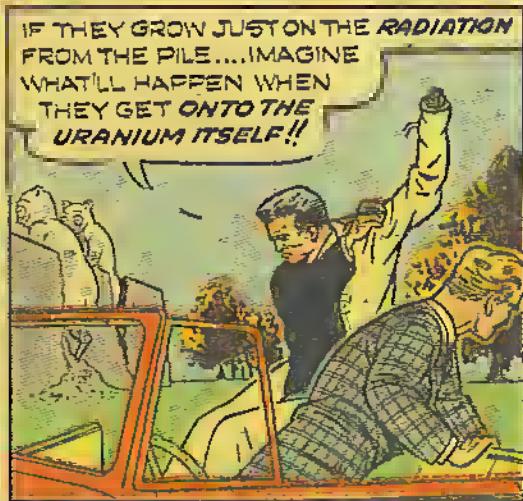
CLICK CLICK... CLACKETY CLACK... CLICK...



...THERE'S AN ATOM BOMB LAB ONLY TWO MILES AWAY! COULD THE THING BE DRAWING ON THE URANIUM PILE?









# NICK CARTER BATTLES THE **GRAY MARKET**



TODAY, RACKETEERS ARE BUSILY ENGAGED IN FOSTERING THE GRAY MARKET, A RECENT OUTGROWTH OF THE NOTORIOUS BLACK MARKET...ORGANIZED BANDS OF CROOKS ARE PROFITING BY SPOTAGES IN CERTAIN PRODUCTS AND ARE JUICING UP LEGAL FIRMS AS "FRONTS" TO "FENCE" GOODS AT OUTRAGEOUS PRICES....READ HOW NICK CARTER AIDS A LEGITIMATE MANUFACTURER TO SMASH THIS RACKET.....

YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD TAKEN ON A CASE FOR FREEZOTONE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS....YET HERE WE ARE AT A RADIO STUDIO!



THAT'S RIGHT!...WE'RE HERE TO SEE THE FREEZOTONE BROADCAST AND HERE'S MR LAYTON, THE STEP VICE PRESIDENT!

RIGHT INTO THE SPONSOR'S ROOM, MR. CARTER!



WHEN YOU BUY A FREEZOTONE, INSIST  
ON THE ADVERTISED PRICE OF \$189.50!  
THERE'S ONLY ONE MIDWAY POLICY  
WITH FREEZOTONE, WE SUCCEED IN  
MEETING THE CUSTOMER MIDWAY  
WHEN IT COMES TO  
PRICE!!

[SPONSOR'S ROOM]



I DIDN'T EXACTLY LIKE YOUR REFERENCE  
TO OUR POLICY, CORBY!

YOU MEAN  
CALLING IT A **HALF-  
WAY POLICY**? UH...HUH....I'LL  
CHANGE THAT NEXT TIME! I  
SUPPOSE THIS IS NICK  
CARTER?

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



WE'RE SENDING SPECIAL SHIPMENTS  
TO THOSE CITIES, SO AS TO UNDERSELL  
THE GRAY MARKET, BUT NOW OUR  
SHIPMENTS ARE BEING  
**HIJACKED**!

I THOUGHT  
IT WOULD COME  
TO THAT! WHERE  
DOES YOUR NEXT SHIP-  
MENT GO?



OLD MOTHER HUSBAND... I WENT TO THE  
CUPBOARD... TO GET HER POOR DOG A BONE.  
WHEN SHE GOT THERE, THE CUPBOARD  
WAS BARE... SHE WAS USING A  
THAT  
FREEZOTONE... & A... FREE...  
WAS FELIX  
CORBY, OUR SALES  
MANAGER... COME OUT  
SIDE... WE'LL MEET HIM!



WELL, MR. CARTER, HERE'S OUR TROUBLE,  
PEOPLE BUY OUR FREEZOTONES IN LITTLE  
TOWNS, THEN SHIP THEM TO  
SOME CITY WHERE THEY  
ARE SOLD FOR **DOUBLE  
THE PRICE** ON THE  
GRAY MARKET!

OBVIOUSLY  
THOSE BUYERS  
ARE WORKING  
FOR THE RACK-  
EETERS! WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING ABOUT IT?



THIS MAP WILL SHOW YOU THE **FULL  
ROUTE** OUR TRUCKS WILL FOLLOW. THE  
TIME SHEET IS INCLUDED. SAVE  
THIS SHIPMENT AND YOU CAN  
COMMAND YOUR FEE!

WELL,  
TRY.....



TUNE IN  
EACH WEEK TO  
**NICK CARTER**  
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK



LATER

SOMEWHERE ALONG THAT  
ROUTE WILL BE  
TROUBLE!

YOU PICK THE PLACE  
AND I'LL NAME  
THE TIME!



YOU GO TO NEWTON AND TELL THE  
SHERIFF TO POST MEN BY THE  
MAIN ROAD AND WATCH FOR  
**SUSPICIOUS LOOKING**  
**TRUCKS!**

BUT  
NEWTON  
ISN'T EVEN  
ON THE  
ROUTE!!



I KNOW...BUT NEWTON IS NEAR WHERE THE  
TROUBLE IS DUE....I'M GOING TO OLDPORT  
AND RIDE WITH THE SHIPMENT  
INTO NORTHVILLE!



SHERIFF, I CAME  
HERE TO..... I KNOW! WE GOT A WIRE  
FROM MR. CARTER TO LOOK  
FOR YOU! GIVE US THE DETAILS  
AND THEN YOU CAN RUN  
ALONG!!



RUN ALONG! I LIKE THAT! I'LL  
HIRE A CAR AND GO OVER TO  
THE MAIN HIGHWAY MYSELF!  
I'LL FIND OUT AS MUCH AS  
THAT SHERIFF!!



SUNDAY EVENING  
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH  
CLEANSER



SO THIS IS THE MAIN HIGHWAY! NOT MUCH STIRRING.....YET!

OLDPORT

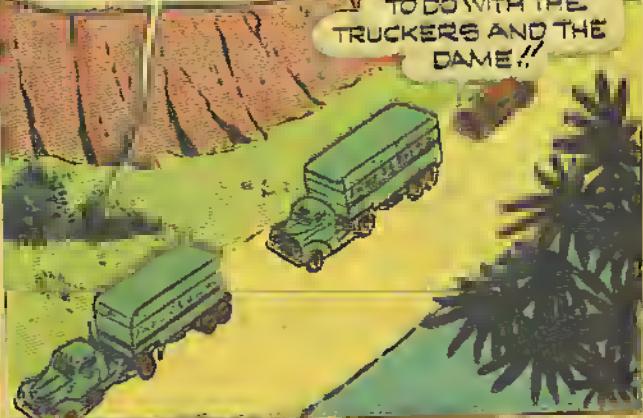
HERE COME THE TRUCKS..... AND THEY'RE BEING HIJACKED!

THEY'RE TAKING THE DRIVERS PRISONERS, AND THEY'RE TURNING TOWARD NEWTON! I'D BETTER FIND THE SHERIFF!!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU.....YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

WHEN WE GET TO THE HIDEAWAY, WE CAN SWITCH THE GOODS TO OUR OWN TRUCKS AND GO WHEREVER THE BOSS SAYS!

THE BOSS WILL DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH THE TRUCKERS AND THE DAME!!



THE TRUCKS RUMBLE THROUGH AN OLD COVERED BRIDGE AND FINALLY GET TO THE HIDEAWAY.....



ALL RIGHT! HERE'S WHERE WE GET OUT!!



WHY....THIS LOOKS LIKE THE UNDERGROUND SHELTER OF AN ABANDONED WAR PLANT!!

YEAH, BABY....THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS!



WE USE THIS JOINT TO SWITCH THE REFRIGERATORS TO OUR OWN TRUCKS....WE'RE LEAVING THE TRUCK DRIVERS HERE.....



ONLY YOU WON'T BE WITH THEM, UNLESS YOU TELL WHO TIPPED YOU OFF TO THIS JOB!! SO START TALKING AND FAST!



BEFORE PATSY CAN EVEN THINK....LET ALONE TALK.....

SORRY TO INTERRUPT PROCEEDINGS...  
BUT I'M TAKING OVER!

NICK  
CARTER!  
COVER HIM!!

NICK!

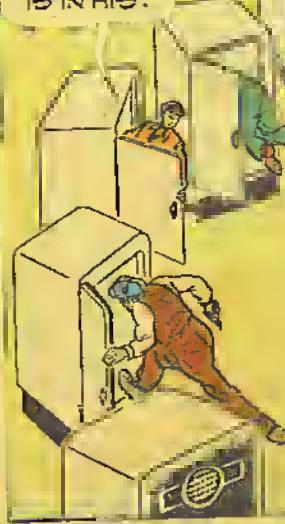


HOLD IT! I INTEND TO TOSS  
THIS BOMB AND BE BACK  
IN MY ICE-BOX BEFORE  
IT STRIKES!!

DUCK INTO OTHER ICE-  
BOXES! WE'LL BE AS  
SAFE AS CARTER  
IS IN HIS!

YEAH...AND WE'LL GET HIM  
AFTER THE BOMB BLOWS!

SORRY, PATSY...YOU'LL  
HAVE TO CHANCE IT  
WITH THESE CROOKS!



THAT HOAX WAS PERFECT!  
NOW FOR THE  
CLIMAX!



COME ON, PAT'S....  
HEY!!...SNAP OUT  
OF IT!!...

WHA...??...NICK!...



THE BOMB DIDN'T GO OFF!  
ALL SELF-  
LOCKED IN  
REFRIGERATORS,  
MINE

WAS THE ONLY ICE-BOX FIXED  
TO OPEN FROM THE INSIDE!  
FIND THE EASY WAY  
TRUCKMAN!!

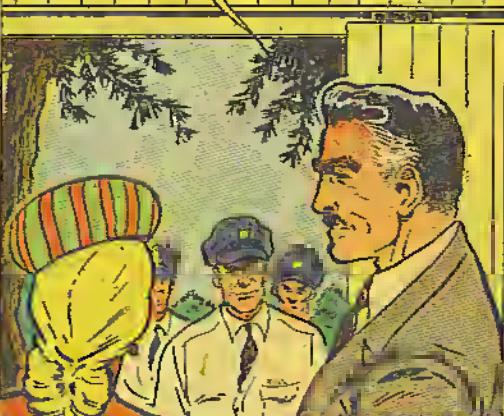


SO THE BOMB WAS A FAKE THAT YOU  
BROUGHT ALONG WITH YOU IN THE  
SPECIAL REFRIGERATOR!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



NOW WE'LL POST THE TRUCKMEN  
OUTSIDE AND BAG THE BIG-SHOT  
WHEN HE ARRIVES!



IT'S NICK CARTER!  
GET HIM, MEN!

NOT A CHANCE! WE'RE  
FIRST THIS TIME!



THAT WILL SETTLE YOU,  
CORBY...AND THE SHOTS  
WE LET YOUR MEN FIRE  
WILL BRING THE SHERIFF!!



HOW DID YOU GUESS THAT  
FELIX CORBY WAS  
THE BIG-SHOT?

REMEMBER HIS RADIO  
SPL? HOW HE USED THE  
WORD "MIDWAY" AND LATER  
SWITCHED TO "HALFWAY"?  
WHEN I SAW MIDWAY ON THE MAP, I  
REALIZED HE HAD TIPPED OFF THE  
BUST MAMAS! HE WANTS TO  
HIJACK THE SHIPMENT!



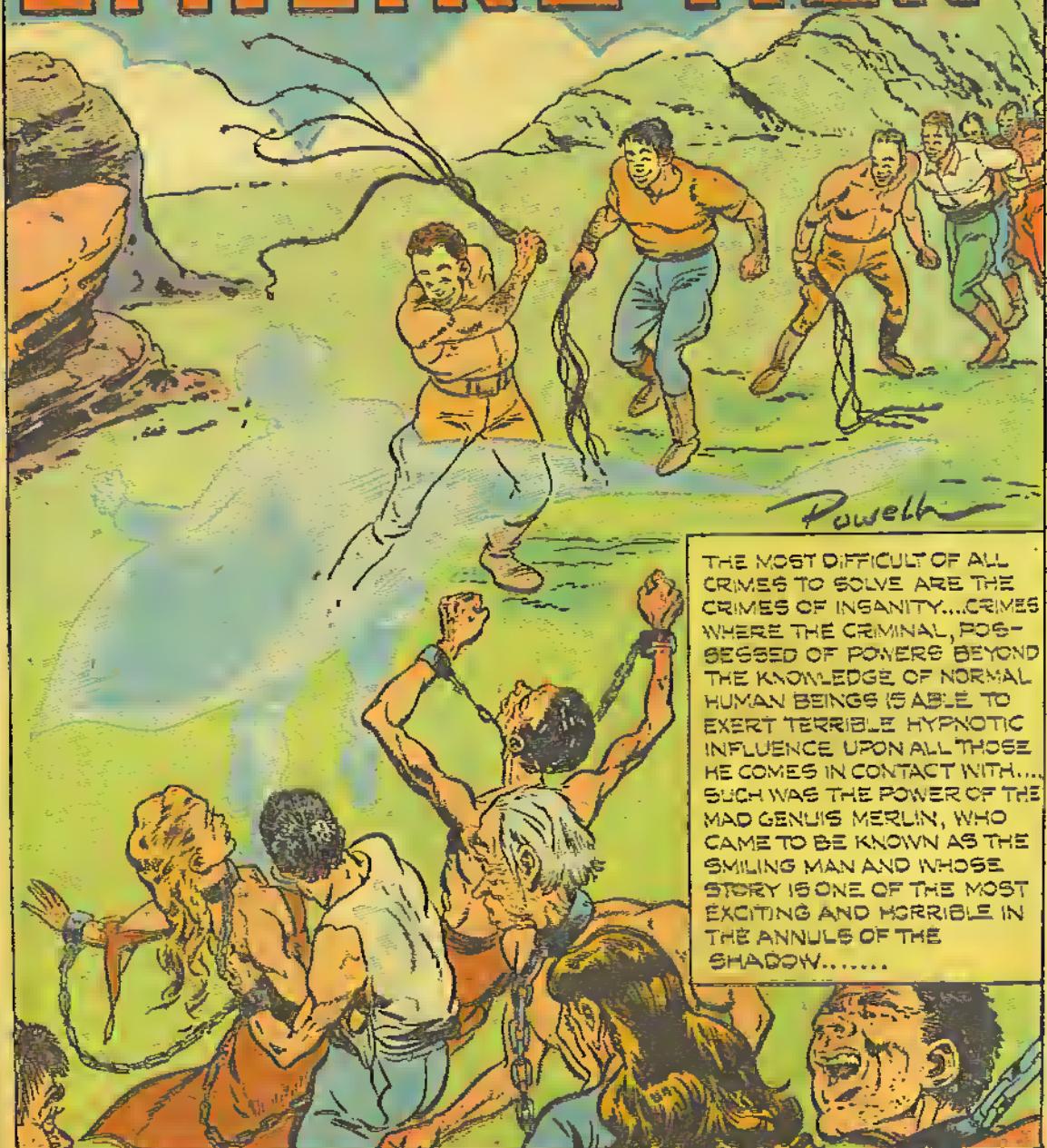
HEAVE 'EM ON BOARD...AND  
DON'T HANDLE 'EM WITH  
CARE!

WE'LL DROP THE CONTENTS OF THOSE  
ICE-CHESTS IN THE COUNTY JAIL,  
MR CARTER! TOO BAD WE CAN'T  
PLUG IN THE WIRES AND GIVE  
THE CROOKS A NICE  
COLD RIDE!

NEVERMIND,  
SHERIFF, WE'VE  
FROZEN THE  
GRAY MARKET  
AND THAT'S THE  
WAY WE'LL KEEP  
IT!!



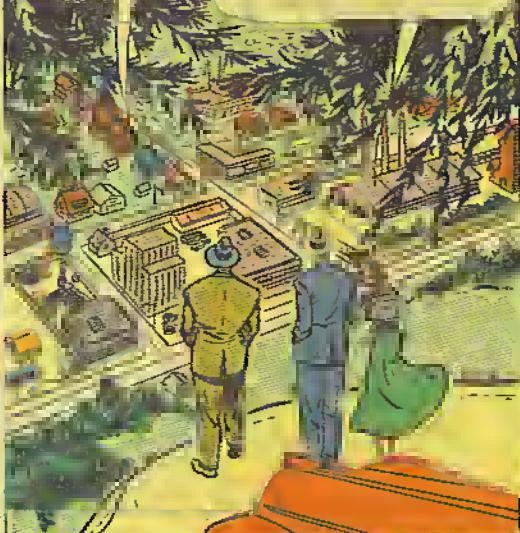
# THE SHADOW IN THE LEAGUE OF SMILING MEN



THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL CRIMES TO SOLVE ARE THE CRIMES OF INSANITY....CRIMES WHERE THE CRIMINAL, POSSESSED OF POWERS BEYOND THE KNOWLEDGE OF NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS IS ABLE TO EXERT TERRIBLE HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE UPON ALL THOSE HE COMES IN CONTACT WITH.... SUCH WAS THE POWER OF THE MAD GENIUS MERLIN, WHO CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE SMILING MAN AND WHOSE STORY IS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND HORRIBLE IN THE ANNALS OF THE SHADOW.....

INSPECTOR WESTON, OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, ON SPECIAL GOVERNMENT ASSIGNMENT, CALLS IN HIS OLD FRIEND LAMONT CRANSTON TO HELP HIM IN THE MOST BAFFLING CASE OF HIS CAREER.....

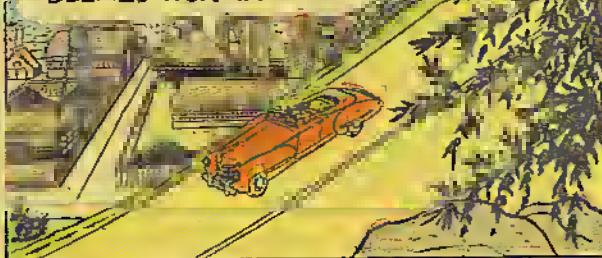
THERE SHE IS, LAMONT.... BUT MIDVILLE.... SIX MONTHS AGO A BUSY, PROSPERING CITY OF TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE!! INSPECTOR, WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S ABSOLUTELY DESERTED!



FANTASTIC!!..TEN THOUSAND PERSONS DISAPPEARING OVERNIGHT!!... NOT A SINGLE SIGN OF LIFE LEFT IN THE TOWN!



THAT'S THE MYSTERY, MARGO... ONE NIGHT THE RADIO STATION WENT OFF THE AIR AT MIDNIGHT AS USUAL, THE 12:15 AM TRAIN FROM CLEVELAND PULLED IN TO LET OFF A PASSENGER AND ALL SEEMED NORMAL.....



....THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE RADIO STATION DIDN'T GO ON THE AIR, THE TELEPHONE CENTRAL WAS DEAD.... WHEN THE 7:12 TRAIN PULLED IN FROM CLEVELAND.... THE TOWN WAS DESERTED AS YOU SEE IT NOW !



LOOKOUT! THOSE DOGS ARE ATTACKING!



LAMONT... HELP!



THAT DID THEM!....  
WHEWWW!

HOW HORRIBLE!

IT JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN THE TAMEST OF  
PETS IS LEFT TO HIS OWN!... WITH  
THE TOUCH OF HUMANITY, THEY'RE  
THE FRIENDLIEST OF  
ANIMALS.....



BUT DESERT THEM... AND THEY SOON REVERT  
TO THE WILDEST

OF BEASTS....

I GUESS THE SAME  
THING HAPPENS TO MAN....  
IF HE IS LEFT TO FIGHT FOR  
EVERY MOUTHFULL!



HAVE YOU SEEN ENOUGH ) NO.... I'D  
OF THE TOWN, LAMONT? ) LIKE YOU  
TO TAKE ME

OVER TO THE FACTORY  
SECTION... SOMETHING TELLS  
ME THERE MIGHT BE A CLUE  
TO WHAT THIS IS ALL  
ABOUT OVER THERE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.....

THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO SEE HERE, LAMONT, ALL THE MACHINERY WAS LEFT BEHIND....ALL OF THE FACTORIES INCLUDING THIS ONE ARE READY TO GO INTO OPERATION!



READY TO GO INTO OPERATION, EH? AS YOU CAN SEE, THE MACHINERY WAS REMOVED SOME TIME AGO!!

MUH!...THE ARMY WAS

ON GUARD HERE

FOR ABOUT A MONTH, THEN THEY PULLED OUT...NOBODY'S BEEN HERE SINCE!

THEN

WHO EVER TOOK THE MACHINERY HAD FIVE MONTHS TO DO IT IN!



NOW YOU SEE WHAT I'M UP AGAINST, LAMONT....I'VE BEEN ON THE CASE SIX WEEKS, SINCE IT HAPPENED.... AND WE HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE CLUE !!

IT'S ALMOST LIKE SUPERNATURAL FORCE IS AT WORK !!

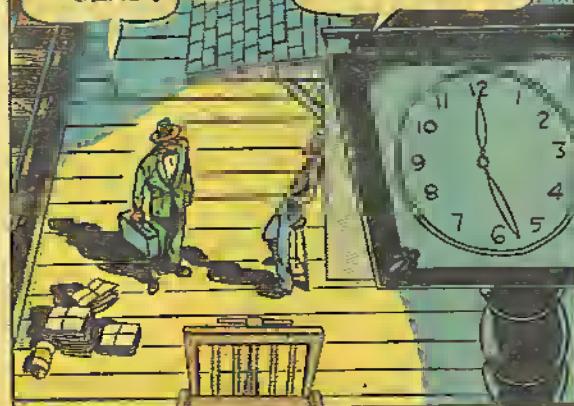
I'D SAY NATURAL FORCE WITH UNNATURAL POWERS!!!



THAT NIGHT IN A NEARBY TOWN CALLED CHANVILLE .....

WHERE WILL I FIND A GOOD HOTEL, FRIEND?

WELL, THERE ARE A COUPLE IN TOWN, ONE ABOUT AS GOOD AS THE OTHER !!



SUDDENLY...

TH...THAT LIGHT!!  
WH...WHAT IS IT??

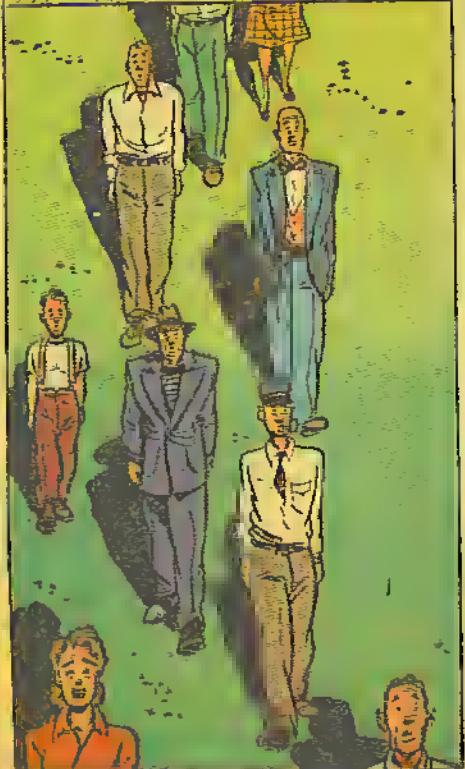
I...I DON'T KNOW...  
I...I CAN'T SEE!!



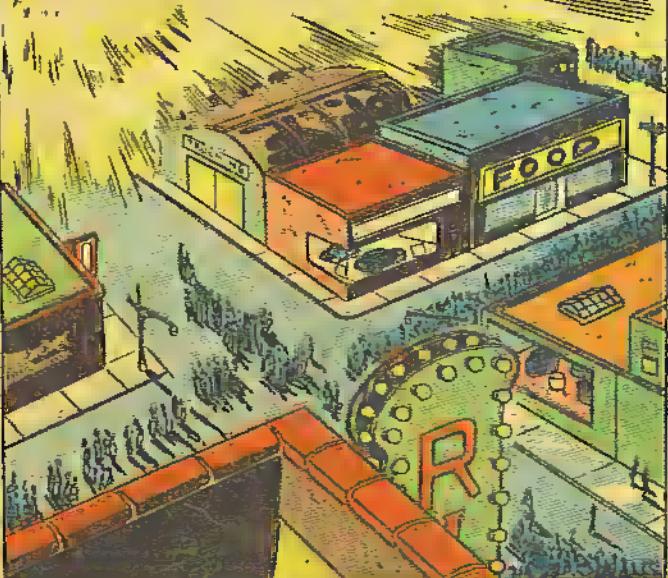
AWAKEN GOOD FRIENDS OF  
CHANVILLE.....I HAVE COME FOR  
YOU....FOLLOW ME.....HAVE NO  
FEAR.....JUST FOLLOW ME.....



NOT KNOWING WHY....ONLY FEELING THEY MUST ....THE PEOPLE FOLLOW.....



FORGET EVERYTHING CHILDREN.....  
THINK ONLY OF ME ....YOUR MASTER  
FROM NOW UNTIL ETERNITY!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING .....

LAMONT!... IT HAPPENED AGAIN!....  
I JUST GOT A WIRE FROM  
WASHINGTON!

AGAIN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



READ IT!

REPITITION OF MIDVILLE INCIDENT AT CHANVILLE!  
ARMY FLYERS SENT TO INVESTIGATE REASON TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH DEAD REPORT TOWN COMPLETELY DESERTED.  
INVESTIGATE .....



I'VE GOT A CAR OUT FRONT....WE'LL DRIVE OVER IMMEDIATELY!!

YOU AND MARGO GO....  
I HAVE A LITTLE INVESTIGATING I WANT TO DO AROUND HERE FIRST!!

OKAY!... SEE YOU LATER!!



LAMONT GOES TO A PRIVATE AIRFIELD AND RENTS A PLANE.....

YOU'VE GOT GOOD FLYING WEATHER! ENJOY YOURSELF!!

THANKS.... I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS!!



HE IS TAKING OFF NOW... BRING HIM DOWN IF HE GETS NEAR OUR HEADQUARTERS!



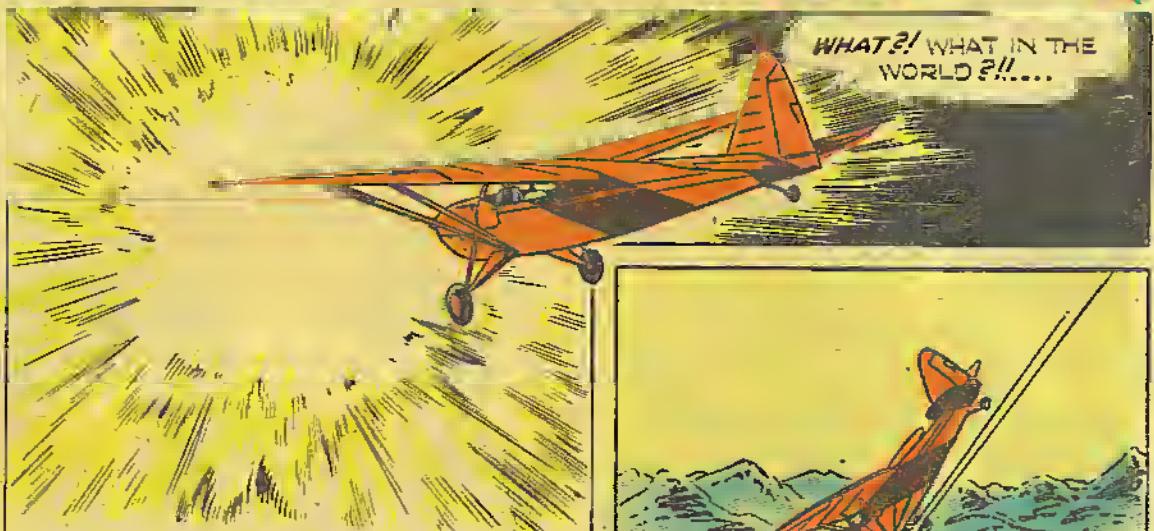
LAMONT HEADS HIS PLANE FOR THE HALFWAY POINT BETWEEN MIDVILLE AND CHANVILLE.....

... NOW I'VE GOT TO KEEP CIRCLING OUT IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES!!! SOMEWHERE BELOW ARE TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE... HIDDEN.... SOMEHOW, FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD!!



A SHORT TIME LATER....

HMM... THAT'S ODD.... THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER.... THE WEATHER HOT.... YET EVERY HOUSE HAS A BIG FIRE GOING!

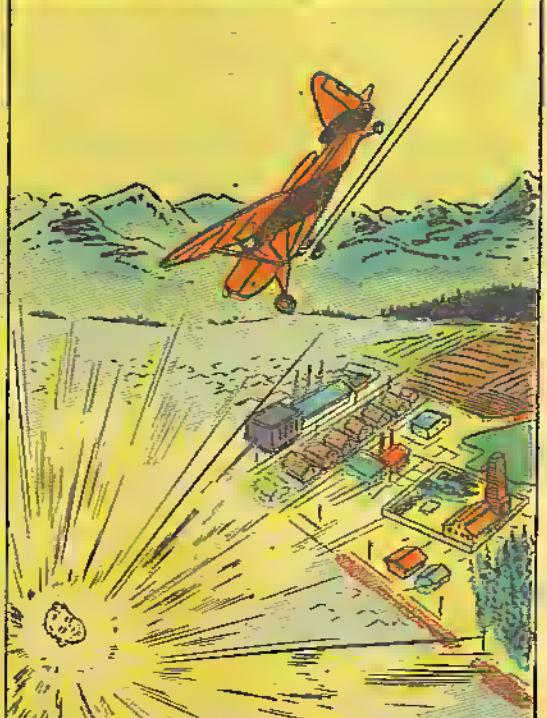


THE LIGHT.... THE FACE.... MAKING ME WEAK.... LOSING CONTROL!!

LAMONT CRANSTON.... COME TO ME - HAVE NO FEAR.... I AM KIND... I WILL PROTECT YOU.... COME! COME! COME!...



AS THOUGH BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE, LAMONT'S HAND PUSHES DOWN THE JOY-STICK.... THE PLANE HEADS FOR THE SMILING FACE.....



AT THAT MOMENT....

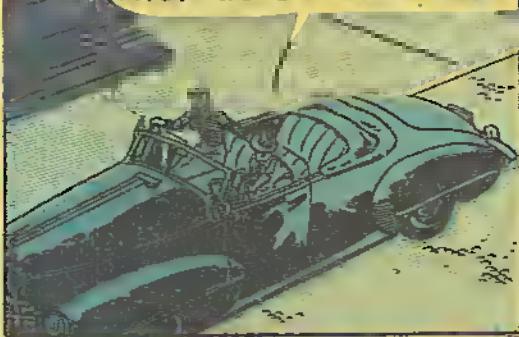
I'VE NEVER BEEN ONE TO  
BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL,  
GENERAL, BUT NOW.... NO... I STILL DON'T....  
THERE MUST BE A LOGICAL  
EXPLANATION!!

I'M LEAVING A GUARD IN THE  
TOWN.... IF YOU TURN UP  
ANYTHING, LET ME KNOW.  
GOOD DAY, MISS LANE!!!

CITY HALL

THAT NIGHT, AFTER WEARY HOURS  
OF FRUITLESS SEARCHING IN CHAN-  
VILLE, WESTON AND MARGO RETURN  
TO SMITHTON....

FOR ALL WE'VE LEARNED, INSPECTOR,  
WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE  
STAYED HERE IN  
SMITHTON ALL HOW RIGHT YOU  
ARE, MARGO!... I  
WONDER WHAT LAMONT  
FOUND OUT AFTER HIS  
MYSTERIOUS INVESTIGATION?  
DAY!



YES... WHERE IS SHE? | AFTER YOU LEFT  
WHAT DID HE THIS MORNING, I  
SAY? HEARD HIM ASKING  
WHERE HE COULD RENT A  
CAR... I WASN'T USING MINE,  
SO I OFFERED IT TO HIM.....



NO, MR CRANSTON  
HASN'T RETURNED!

THAT'S ODD!.. WHEN  
LAMONT IS ON THE TRAIL  
OF SOMETHING HE USUALLY  
PHONES OR GETS WORD TO  
ME SOME WAY!!

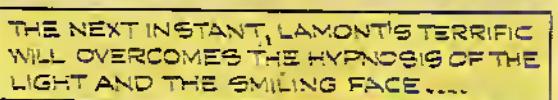


AND THEN? ...HE CALLED ME AT THE  
HOTEL AT FIVE AND TOLD ME  
HE WAS STRANDED IN A SMALL  
UNCHARTED VILLAGE IN THE HILLS  
WHICH I'M FAMILIAR WITH.... SO I  
OFFERED TO BRING YOU  
TO HIM.....



NOW LET'S GO BACK AND FIND OUT WHAT  
REALLY HAPPENED TO LAMONT CRANSTON  
WHEN THE LIGHT BALL WITH THE SMILING  
FACE IN THE CENTER SUDDENLY FLASHED  
IN HIS FACE FROM BELOW.....

WITHIN LAMONT, A TERRIBLE BATTLE IS  
WAGING AS HE TRIES TO OVERCOME THE  
FORCE THAT HAS GRIPPED HIM.....  
HYPNOTIZED HIM.....





THE STRANGE LOOKING MEN RUSH TO HIS AID.....

IF HE'S ALIVE, TREAT HIM  
GENTLY, DEAR FRIEND.....  
THE SUPREME ONE

BE SURE WE WILL,  
DEAR COMRADE..VERY  
GENTLY...

WILL WANT TO  
SEE HIM!!



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

ABSOLUTELY!!

WHAT IS IT,  
DEAR COMRADES?  
SPEAK!!



HE IS GONE!

THE PLANE IS  
EMPTY!

TSK-TSK...  
DESCEND DEAR COMRADES,  
WE MUST REPORT TO THE  
SUPREME ONE!



EVEN IF THE  
THREE SMILING  
FACES SHOULD  
SUDDENLY TURN,  
THEY WOULD NOT  
BE ABLE TO

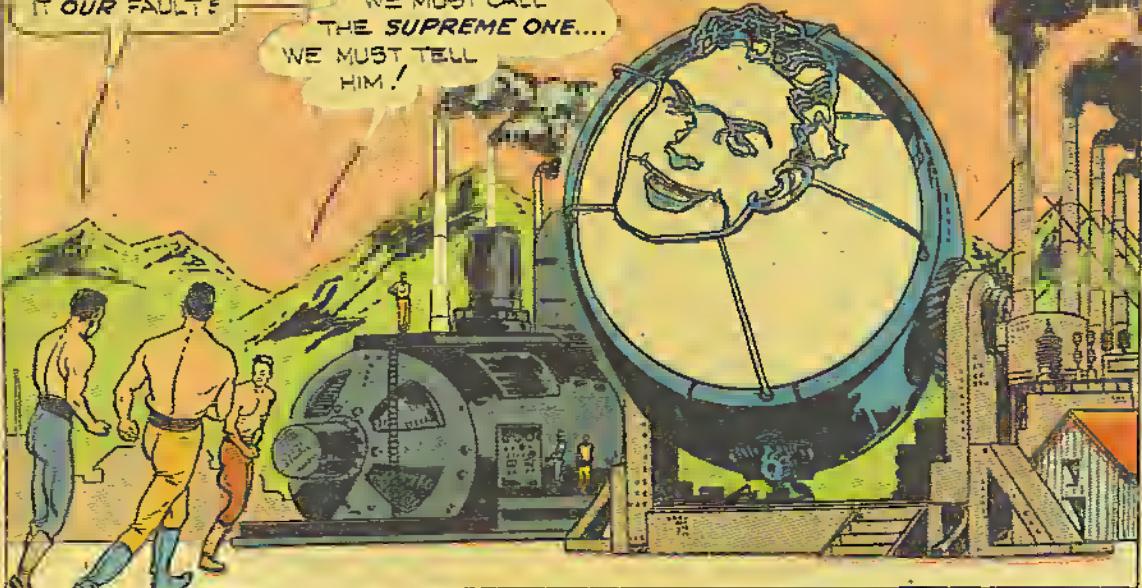
SEE THE MATING FIGURE WHO FOOLISH  
THEM....FOR LAMONT CRANSTON HAS BECOME  
THE SHADOW.....



IT IS THE FIRST TIME  
THAT THE HYPNOTIC  
INGREDIENTS IN THE ARC  
LIGHT HAVE FAILED! WAS  
IT OUR FAULT?

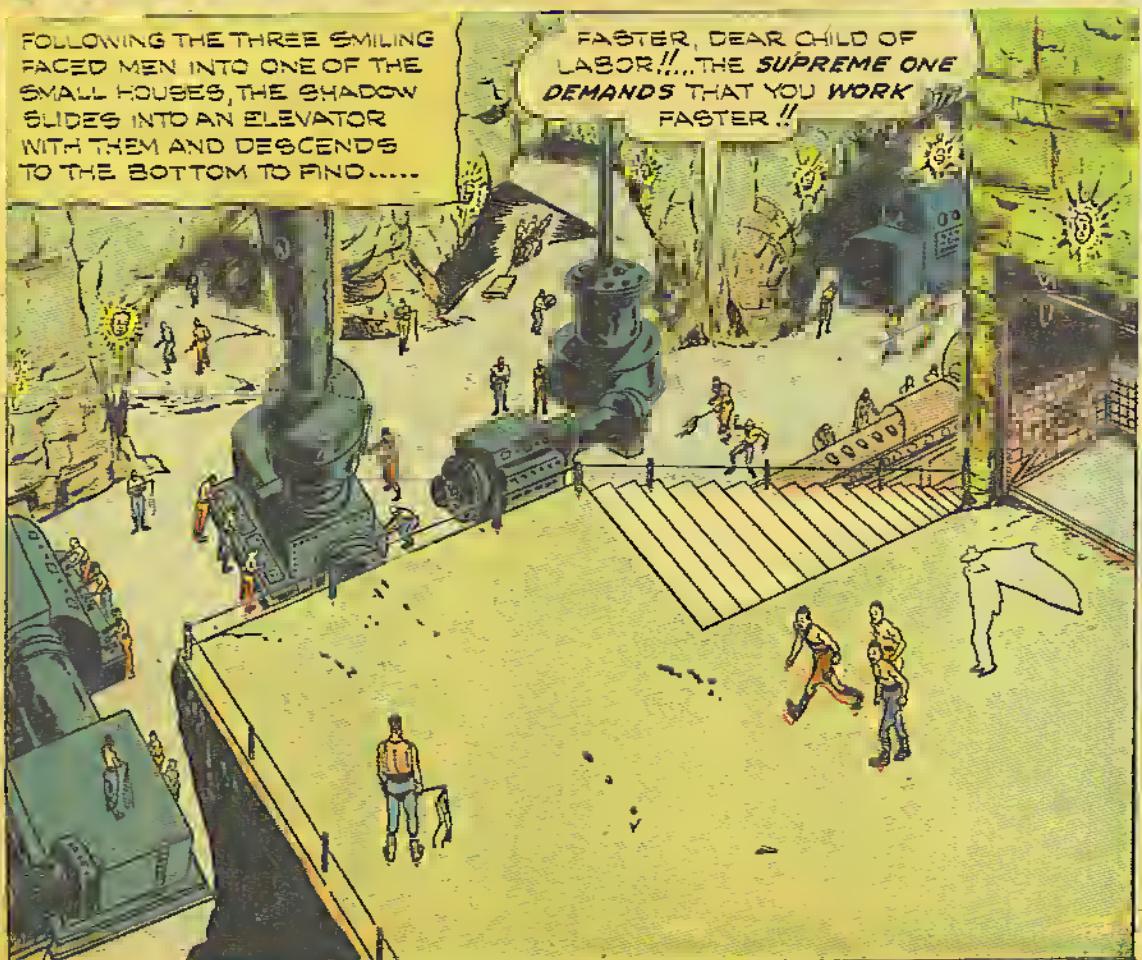
OR IS THIS MAN CRANSTON  
STRONG ENOUGH OF WILL  
TO RESIST IT?

WE MUST CALL  
THE SUPREME ONE....  
WE MUST TELL  
HIM!



FOLLOWING THE THREE SMILING  
FACED MEN INTO ONE OF THE  
SMALL HOUSES, THE SHADOW  
SLIDES INTO AN ELEVATOR  
WITH THEM AND DESCENDS  
TO THE BOTTOM TO FIND.....

FASTER, DEAR CHILD OF  
LABOR!!! THE SUPREME ONE  
DEMANDS THAT YOU WORK  
FASTER!!



PROTECTING HIS EYES FROM THE HYPNOTIZING LIGHT, THE SHADOW FOLLOWS THE THREE LEADERS INTO AN OFFICE....

HELLO.... SUPREME ONE?.... YES.... WE BROUGHT THE PLANE DOWN.... BUT HE ESCAPED.... THERE IS NO TRACE OF HIM!!

WHAT?... YOU... YOU'RE SURE, OH MOST SUPREME ONE?... THIS.... THIS LAMONT CRANSTON. IS.... IS.... YOU THINK HE IS THE SHADOW?

THE SHADOW??



YES, SUPREME ONE.... WELL THROW A GUARD AROUND THE ELECTRIC GENERATOR,... I KNOW... ONCE THE ELECTRICITY IS CUT OFF AND THE HYPNOTIC ARC LAMPS GO OUT.... THE SLAVES WILL REVOLT.... YES... YES... WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU, SUPREME ONE.



GET TO THE GENERATOR!! PLAYING THROWN A GUARD AROUND IT!! RIGHTINTO MYHANDS!!

GOING TO LEAD ME RIGHT TO THE GENERATOR!!

NO!.. WAIT!.. THE SHADOW MIGHT BE IN THIS VERY ROOM!!! WE COULDN'T SEE HIM!! HE WOULD JUST FOLLOW WHAT?!? THAT'S RIGHT!! YOU AND IT WOULD BE ALL OVER!!

YOU'D BETTER CALL THE GENERATOR AND TELL THEM TO POST THE GUARD!!

HMM.... THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO FIND IT MYSELF!



NOW...SEVERAL HOURS LATER AS THE  
EMILING MAN BRINGS INSPECTOR  
WESTON AND MARGOT TO THEIR  
"RENDEVOUS" WITH LAMONT.....

THIS IS THE PLACE, ISN'T IT?...  
EHE?...STRANGE, ODD PEOPLE  
LOOKING!!

LIVE HERE....  
NOW IF YOU'LL  
JUST FOLLOW ME!!

IT'S JUST LIKE LAMONT TO GET  
HIMSELF STRANDED IN A  
FUNNY LOOKING PLACE  
SUCH AS....OH!

UHP! WHAT IN THE  
BLAZES??!!

WE ARE VERY  
SORRY!..BUT USING  
YOU AS HOSTAGES, WE  
WILL CAPTURE THE  
SHADOW!

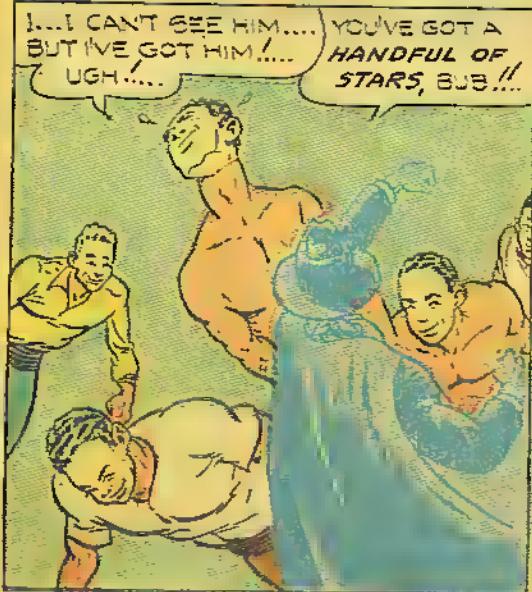


AND AT THAT MOMENT....

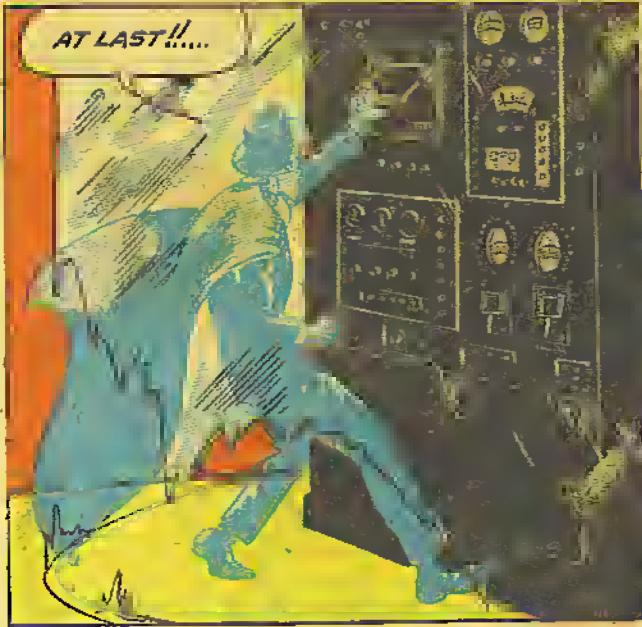
I'VE FOUND IT!..I'VE GOT TO  
BREAK THROUGH....HERE....  
GOES NOTHING....AND...  
EVERYTHING!



I...I CAN'T SEE HIM.... YOU'VE GOT A  
BUT I'VE GOT HIM!.... HANDBUL OF  
UGH.... STARS, BUB!!



AT LAST!!!



THE NEXT INSTANT, EVERY CHAMBER OF THE LABRYNTH OF CAVES IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS... THE SLAVES, FREED OF THE HYPNOTIC LIGHT, TURN ON THEIR CAPTORS WITH ALL THEIR PENT UP FURY AND VENGEANCE!

KILL HIM! KILL THEM ALL! AT LAST, WE'RE FREE!

LET ME AT HIM!!

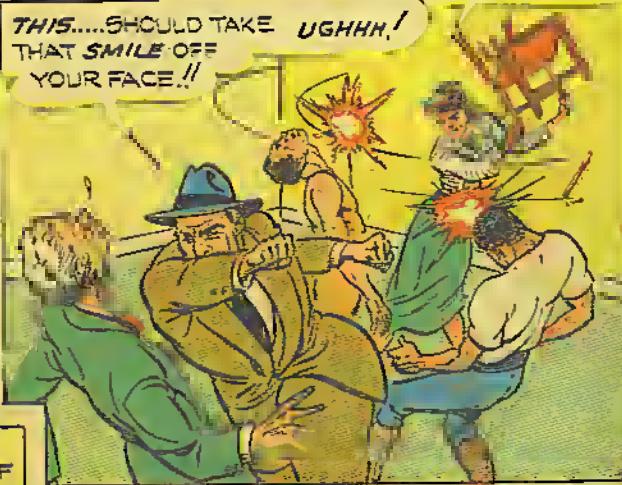
LISTEN... THE SLAVES... THEY'RE FREE!

MARGO! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!



THIS.... SHOULD TAKE UGHHH! THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE!!



LATER THAT EVENING, BACK AT THE HOTEL IN SMITHTON, AFTER TELLING OF HIS ADVENTURE AND HOW HE FREED THE SLAVES, LAMONT EXPLAINS WHAT HE HAD DISCOVERED REGARDING THE LEAGUE OF SMILING MEN....

THE SUPREME ONE WAS A BRILLIANT CHEMIST WHO DISCOVERED THIS HYPNOTIC INGREDIENT WHICH VIBRATES LIGHT IN SUCH A WAY THAT A PERSON LOSES ALL CONTROL... HE MOUNTED IT ON A LARGE DIRIGIBLE AND FLEW OVER THE TOWNS, FLOODING THEM WITH LIGHT, HE LEAD THE PEOPLE TO THESE NATURAL CAVES AND WAS ABLE TO MANUFACTURE PRODUCTS FOR

HALF THE PRICE OF OTHER COMPANIES!!



WITH SLAVE LABOR... FIRST, UNDER HYPNOSIS, ONE LAST QUESTION! IT IS NECESSARY THAT WHY THE SMILING - THE SUBJECTS HAVE FACES?

NOFEAR... THE KIND SMILING FACE INSPIRED CONFIDENCE....

SECOND THEY WERE MASKS WHICH SO FILTERED THE LIGHT AND MADE THE WEARERS INVULNERABLE - SO THE CASE OF TO IT!

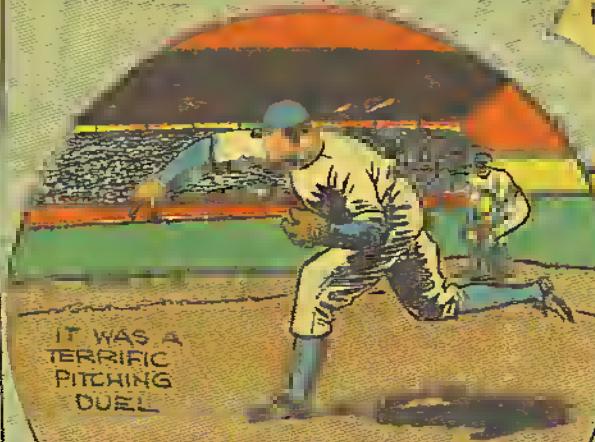
THE LEAGUE OF SMILING MEN!! WHO AREN'T SMILING AREN'T THERE!



# THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

WITH THORNTON FISHER

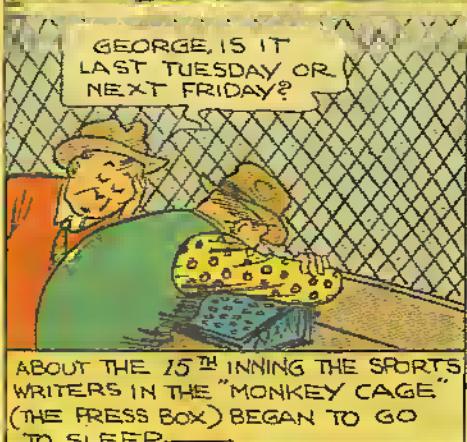
THE LONGEST BASEBALL GAME I EVER WITNESSED—IN FACT IT PROVED TO BE THE LONGEST GAME EVER PLAYED IN MAJOR LEAGUE HISTORY—



THE DATE WAS MAY 1, 1920—PLACE; BOSTON—THE TEAMS, THE DODGERS AND THE BRAVES—THE PITCHERS WERE BOTH RIGHHANDERS, LEON CADORE, BROOKLYN, AND JOE OESCHGER, BOSTON—EACH FOUGHT TO THE END OF THE GAME—26 INNINGS



IN THE 5<sup>TH</sup> INNING BROOKLYN GOT ONE RUN—BOSTON GATHERED A RUN IN THE 6<sup>TH</sup>—THE SCORE WAS TIED—AND STAYED THAT WAY—



THE UMPIRES, BOB HART AND BARRY MECORMICK, WERE, FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, OUT ON THEIR FEET—



'BIG ED' KONETCHY, 1<sup>ST</sup> BASE, IVAN OLSON, 2<sup>ND</sup> BASE, ZACK WHEAT, LEFT FIELD, WERE DODGER STARS—"RABBIT" MARANVILLE AND 'HANK' GOWDY WERE BOSTON'S PRIMA DONNAS—NIGHT FELL—DODGERS 1—BOSTON 1—



THAT YEAR (1920) BROOKLYN, UNDER WILBERT ROBINSON WON THE N.L. FLAG—BOSTON FINISHED 7<sup>TH</sup>—CLEVELAND CRASHED THE A.L. CHAMPIONSHIP AND WON THE WORLD'S SERIES—

# Shadow Convicts

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Harold Schwartz—Editor

C. Hunter Diringer—Art Editor

## MURDER IN THE BALANCE

"There they were," Nick Carter said to the members of the Inner Circle, "eight coins: Eight half dollars all looking exactly alike, but for an identifying mark scratched in the surface. The marks were initials. Men's initials. All I knew was that one of the eight coins was counterfeit and was lighter than the others.

If we could identify which coin was the fake we would have a pretty good idea of who had killed Jonas.

"There was a fire raging not three miles away and all the rangers were champing at the bit to be away and at their real job of fire fighting.

"Picture the scene," Nick said, and the members did as he made it come alive by words, "a lonely cabin, a corpse in the middle of the floor, the dagger which had killed him sticking out of the center of his back.

"Add to that the men in the cabin anxious to be out and working and the scale in the center of a table near the corpse. Ranged in a line next to the scale were the coins.

"Deadly coins, for one could put the finger on a ruthless killer! Hidden away in that forest the dead ranger, Jonas, had found a counterfeiter hard at work in a cave. He had arrested the man and confiscated some of the coins which the counterfeiter had been making. They were half dollars.

"Jonas had brought the counterfeiter back to his cabin and sent out a call for the police. He was a forest ranger; he could not leave the forest until he was relieved. He had figured on holding the counterfeiter till the police had arrived.

"But the counterfeiter was smart and cunning. He killed the ranger and then, hearing sounds that presaged the coming of some men he had hastily donned one of Jonas' extra

uniforms. That done he raced out the back door of the cabin and joined the men who had come to the cabin. They happened to be rangers who had met on the way to the forest fire and had come to Jonas's cabin in order to use his radio.

"I got there before the police and found the eight rangers, all dressed in identical uniforms, all proud of their uniforms and all held together by morale, by belief in anyone wearing the same uniform that they wore.

"They wouldn't point out who the stranger was, for, for all they knew he might be a real ranger whom they just didn't happen to know.

"I could understand the way they felt even while it exasperated me. I looked over the scene of the crime and made certain deductions. I will give you the picture and see what you make of it."

Nick paused in his talk and cleared his throat. "We have been working, as you remember, on the idea of three clues. If you get the first clue, you have enough evidence for the police to arrest the killer. Two clues, means that the district attorney has enough evidence to present his case to a jury and three clues means a sure conviction. Right?"

"Very well then, on the surface it was a cinch. The motive was clear. The counterfeiter had killed in order to keep his identity secret. So, we have clue number one, the motive. Second, the method was clear, stabbing. And to make the third clue clear the killer had dropped a half dollar near the body of his victim.

"All I had to do was find out who had dropped the half dollar which I weighed on a scale and found to be lighter than a real half.

"By a strange coincidence, one of those things which does help the side of law in order once in a while, none of the eight men in the cabin had more than one half in his

possession. I was banking on the hope that since the counterfeiter had dropped one fake that the other which he happened to have would also be a fake and therefor lighter than the other seven halves.

"I had asked each of the men to scratch his initials on his coin, while I watched the process so there could be no hocus pocus about this.

"They had all agreed and so I reached the point where the eight coins were in a row next to the scales I had used to weigh the coin found next to the dead man.

"I divided the coins and weighed a group in one pan against a group in the other pan. One group was heavier than the other so I discarded the heavy group.

"This left the light group. I divided them again and weighed them. One side was lighter than the other. I reached forward towards the scales and just as I did so a bullet whanged through the base of the scales destroying it utterly!

"So much attention had been focussed on the weighing process that I had no idea where the bullet had come from. I looked up. There was the ring of men surrounding me, all looking at each other.

"The killer had snapped a shot at the scales knowing that he would be given away as soon as I found the light coin. He had drawn and fired and replaced his gun all in one motion. What made it bad was that I had made them all discard their guns in a stack on a chair. We could not be sure who had grabbed the gun from the chair and shot and replaced the gun!"

"One of the rangers spoke up and said, 'Now we're in a worse fix than ever. The scales are broken; you can't continue the weighing to find out who owns the coin . . . we don't know who fired the shot, now can you determine who the killer is?' That seemed like a puzzler and yet it wasn't, for the killer had miscalculated."

Beef said slowly, "I see how he figured . . . but not what was wrong with his figuring. There were eight coins. You had weighed them twice. The killer knew you had to weigh them once more to find the light coin. He

waited till the last second hoping something would happen to give him a break and then, he grabbed the gun and shot the scale. I think he figured right."

"That was exactly his reasoning," Nick agreed. "If he'd been right I would have had to let all the eight rangers go to fight the fire rather than keep them there and risk the fire spreading. I would have let the killer get away rather than risk the common good. But as it happened the killer was wrong and so I was able to pick out the light coin and hold it up so all the rangers could see the man's, the killer's initials scratched on it."

Nick said, "The rangers tied up the killer and left. Now, your problem is this. Can you weigh eight coins on a scale with no weights, that is, just using the coins to balance against each other, and still in two weighings find which of the eight coins is lighter than the others?

Can you deduce the answer? If you can't read next month's Inner Circle.

#### SOLUTION TO TOAST TO DEATH

The problem in the last Inner Circle was why the killer took a drink of arsenic himself at the same time that he gave a deadly drink to the man he poisoned. Nick said at the time that the explanation was involved with why he, Nick Carter, took some of the killer's hair and his finger nails.

The reason for taking the hair and finger-nails was so that Nick could have them examined chemically. Arsenic, if taken over a long period shows up in the ends of the hair and in the finger and toe nails. Traces of arsenic were present in the killer's hair and nails.

Therefore, Nick reasoned, the killer had been taking little non-lethal doses of arsenic over a long period of time, perhaps six months, in order to build up a tolerance to the poison.

This allowed the killer to take a deadly dose of the arsenic without dying. The murderer figured this would make it look as if he couldn't be the killer and would provide him with an alibi . . . and it might have if Nick Carter hadn't been on the job!

# FISHERMEN Amazing New Invention Helps CATCH MORE FISH!

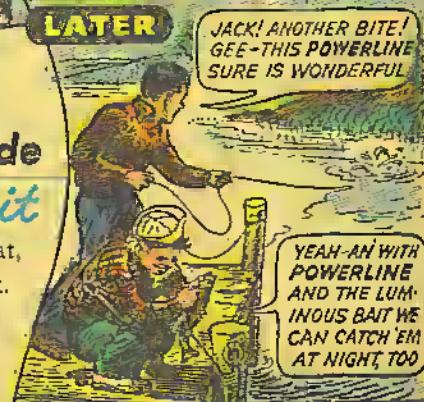


IT'S NO SECRET, FELLA'S...THE ANSWER IS POWERLINE...WITH POWERLINE YOUR BAIT ACTUALLY SWIMS TO BULRUSHES AND OTHER HARD-TO-FISH PLACES WHERE THE "BIG ONES" HIDE!



Use **POWERLINE** and fish even at night where the big ones hide  
**No Boat-No Reel-No Special Bait**

It's now easy to fish as far as 100 FEET from shore! No boat, no reel, no special bait necessary. POWERLINE does all the work. It hooks the "big ones"! Use any bait. Easy to use. No shadow scare, noiseless. You have complete control of line at all times. "Tease." Move back and forward. POWERLINE goes where you want it . . . in weeds, bull-rushes, under trees. No fuss, no bother, no tangles. You can't miss with POWERLINE. Introductory offer includes amazing new POWERLINE with full instructions plus Fishing Guide Booklet. If you order NOW,



## Extra BONUS If You Write Today!

If you order NOW, we will include at no additional cost an 84 Foot Cutty Hunk Type Line and Luminous Float. Yes, the same high-test Cutty Hunk Type Line used by fishermen all over the country. The Luminous Float clearly flashes signals at night.

Now Only  
**\$1.98**  
Complete

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

**SEND NO MONEY**

**Test for 10 Days at Our Risk . . .**

Just mail coupon. Amazing new POWERLINE with full instructions plus 84 feet of Cutty Hunk Type Line and Luminous Float will be sent on approval. On arrival pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Use for 10 days. If not completely satisfied return and money back. Limited Supply. Cash orders sent prepaid. Order TODAY!

POWERLINE TACKLE SALES COMPANY, Dept. 1519  
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Rush me my POWERLINE complete with instructions plus Fishing Guide Booklet. Also send my Cutty Hunk Type Line and Luminous Float, at no extra cost, for prompt action. I will pay postman on arrival \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not completely satisfied after 10 days I can return and get money back. (Send cash and POWERLINE pays postage.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**POWERLINE TACKLE SALES CO.  
Dept. 1519, Grand Rapids 2, Michigan**